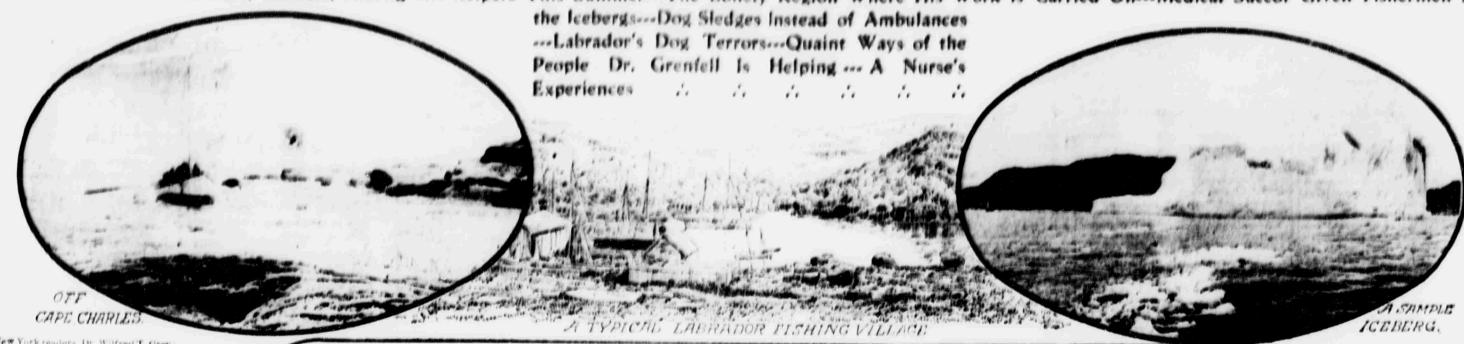
Summer With Dr. Grenfell's Deep Sea Mission in Labrador

American Physicians. Preachers, Bankers, Among His Helpers This Summer ... The Lonely Region Where His Work Is Carried On ... Medical Succor Given Fishermen Amic



To New York readers Dr Wifred T Grenfell of the Labrador Medical Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen needs no introduction. Indeed, he would be a well known figure now in most of the New England and Middle Atlantic cities. And all those who had the good fortune last winter to hear him tell the story of the mission's work on the Labrador coast would be anxious to give him an enthusiastic, encouraging grip of the hand, if nothing more.

Of course the object of his lectures was to arouse an interest in and raise funds for his work. In both he was most successful So when he started back to his work last May he invited various of his American friends and helpers-men prominent as preachers, physicians, scientists, bankers, kc,-to come out to Labrador and see the work for themselves and take a hand in helping it, each as he could, remarking with his genial encouraging smile that there was no way of inspecting a work so good as to do a little of it.

Thus it happened that in July one of Boston's prominent preachers might have been seen trundling cord wood on a wheelbarrow up a long wharf from a schooner at all. to a hospital woodpile.

cargoes out there.

lots of good clothes, donned oilskins, and answered graciously all summer to the call, "Handy Andy." Were the call above decks or below, at sea or ashore, there was always the ready response, "Aye, aye, sir," and given always to the one great master. Two University of Pennsylvania athletes unloaded and carted bricks for a fox farm

until their faces, at least, suggested Harvard rather than their own alma mater. Although I was not preacher nor doctor

go out, and this is what we saw: First, that wonderful, silent, lonely, wild, interior Newfoundland, with its great rushing rivers, its deep, black, hidden pools, its great shining lake expense, hemmed in by snow seamed mountains, all given over to the wood and the water game, only rarely disturbed by the human

envy, but made up of a collection of buildings so shabby that it was hard to tell where northern harbors to admit of navigation | gates of heaven.

Once started, it was only with the greatest A doctor from the same town, with fingers difficulty and uncertaintly that we crept o delicate as to have acquired fame at home forward. For though oftentimes there in the handling of the organs of the eye would seem to be a sufficiently generous and the ear, took to handling strathcona opening, just as likely as not the whole eans themselves would say, the tiny houses ocean of ice would give a sudden heave. former Harvard student laid away and the space would close up with a crash to the ledges and ragged edges of the rocks, and a grinding that wasn't pleasant to hear

> But if you just took your courage in your teeth and watched for the beauty of the story of them all. They are as absolutely thing, it was a wonderful sight; especially the effect produced by what is called the looming of the ice, a sort of mirage which apparently bordered every great field with | that most of the people along this coast have a high fence of beautiful lace work made of finest glistening ice threads.

right in your wake.

Finally we got clear of these great ice nor scientist nor banker, I was asked to beds, which float and float until they melt in some of the warm currents off the banks of southern Newfoundland. Then came paper, do you?" the icebergs proper. And never shall I forget coming on deck one morning to find, rising high and glorious out of the blue, blue sea, sixteen huge bergs.

Their dazzling whiteness and the beauty of their varied spires made me catch my imagine my somewhat amused dismay breath in very awe. And, though further when the girl returned with one of April 30 north. I passed through veritable forests, and the other of May 3, and asked me which city, with a situation that a royal city might of them, of every shape and size, that first glimpse will remain perhaps the longest. Though when the sun would set, leaving the wharf sheds ended and the houses began. a brilliant orange and violet track behind Here, though we did not arrive till the it, and these beautiful pinnacled towers first of June, we were obliged to wait a would float across it, catching every color week for the ice to break up enough in the and gleam, one could think only of the

miles and miles, hundreds of them, of black, lagged rock coast, capped and seamed by great snowbanks. And every now and then, or "scatter times," as the Labradorperched on stilts, clinging like mussels would mark the lonely little fishing hamlets. Seldom Come By, the name of one, and Come By Chance, that of another, tell the shut away from the rest of the world as

though in another sphere. I tell it under my breath, but it is a fact. never even heard of New York, and many of the few who have would locate it in England. Even in St. Johns I went into a store on the second day of June and said:

"You don't happen to have a New York

think we have two." While I was congratulating myself that I had arrived in that timely way, before the last issue was wholly exhausted, you can

The Labrador hamlets vary in size from perhaps four houses to a great metropolis of forty, but they are all alike in smelling and spelling the word fish. In this wise With every village the first thing visible is the long line of flakes (F), huge open platforms for drying the fish; back of them

BATTLE HARBOR, LABRADOR, SHOWING ON THE LEFT, THE DEEP SEA MISSION HOSPITAL.

you come to hogsheads and hogsheads of ! ture of 45 degrees and regale themselves what the Irishman calls "ile" (1). Next come later on snow ice cream, supplied from a the stages (S), little houses where the fish neighboring hillside, it doesn't make much "Oh, yes," was the prompt reply. "I are cleaned and salted and behind all, tucked difference what you call the season.

LABRADOR DOGS.

stanch little trap boat adds more to toil and exposure. 'Tis true, the fishing operations are carried on in the summer time, but when on June 18 the thermometer registers only 36 degrees and snows hard and on the Fourth of July patriotic Americans are forced to set off their small fireworks facing a huge iceberg in a tempera-

well up on the rocks, is the fisherman's There is one thing that exists in the Labrador villages that no letters can adequately How, if labor and risk of life count in spell. That is the dog. These dogs are values, codfish ever came to sell at 12 cents a savage creatures. They eat the chickens, pound I can't see. First, the making of the the sheep, the cows, each other, you or anytrap net is one man's work for two winters. thing else. If a little child falls down it sixty coffins for those in need, each taking has to be snatched from the iar the capital expense, and then comes all the | beasts. At Battle Harbor these dogs have been known to rip three thicknesses of board from a building to get at seal meat inside. And their howlings at night can only be

A nurse's life is not an easy one anywhere, but to be roused at 1 A. M. by a doctor hospital. We don't know the doctor's name, arriving with sixty dogs, four komatiks, so we write to you. Please tell the doctor

with their drivers, three dying patients, and one dead, is a livelier experience than is often offered in city hospitals, but is no unusual occurrence in the mission hospitals on the Labrador.

Funerals on the Labrador coast are an impressive sight. The Newfoundland fishermen who dwell there in the summer have a prejudice against burying their dead there. If a comrade dies early in the season the fishing cannot be stopped, but the body is salted and left till the return voyage.

The mourners pass to the bleak; cheerless graveyards of this rocky coast in processions, two by two, in winter the coffin on a komatik drawn by friends, in summer carried by hand. All are in the deepest black, the women with long veils and the men with hat bands-black or white, according to the nearness of relationship to the deceased-two or more yards in length, tied in a knot and left to stream out behind.

The neighborliness and friendly dependence of these primitive settlements is realized when one fisherman in a tiny community makes, in his lifetime, no less than and all for no pay.

From the following letter, received at

one of the hospitals last winter, one might conclude these a somewhat frivolous people, not much given to awe and reverence: DEAR JOHN: We hear you are sick in the

to send the corpse home. We're all wells Maria broken hearted. Your brother,

But such a judgment would be a great mistake. Never bave I been among a people where God and the life to come make so large and so universal a part of the daily thought. If you are uncomfortable as morning and evening prayers, if grace at meals seems to you foolish, if you want to spend your Sundays gunning and fishing instead of at two, and sometimes three, earnest services, don't visit in the cabins of northern Newfoundland and Labrador.

The central building of every little hamlet on these bold coasts is a place of worship of some sort, Church of England, Methodist or Roman Catholic. And the unpainted, unvarnished pine walls and pews and pulpits are not without a beauty of their own. especially when the red pine with its exquisite graining is used. Each man, as he finds time, makes his own pew, brings it in and sets it down where he pleases. And it is rather a proud day when a man and his family move from the rough hewn log, with only one side planed, to the fresh, shining,

new pew, so carefully planed and turned. That their religion enters their very life you realize at every turn. Never in three months constant contact, and often under what the average American fisherman and sailor would call trying circumstances, did I hear one man use a profane expression. The skippers accompany their orders with "please," and the "sir" comes with a readiness not always noticed with us.

That it is a lonely, shut off life none can dispute, but I questioned many times this summer whether we, in our cruel, crowding, grasping, pushing cities, do not shut ourselves away from things really more vital perhaps than those missed by the Labrador fisherman. Whittier says of their land:

"O winter land? Thy right to be, I own; God leaves thee not alone. And if thy fierce winds blow Over drear wastes of rock and snow. And at thy iron gates The ghostly ice berg waits, Thy homes and hearts are clear. Thy sorrow o'er thy sacred dust Is sanctified by hope and trust; God's love and man's are here. And love where'er it goes Its flowers of Paradise And bloom through Polar snows !

And it is these "flowers of Paradise" that Dr. Grenfell, with his earnest, loyal, christ tian heart and manly intelligence is plante ing year by year all along that desolate. barren coast.

MRS. RUBBERINO STOPS DARNING

She Surveys the People in the Flat Above and Tells Mrs. Gitapp What She Thinks of Her.

Mrs. Rubberino sat in a rocking chair n the parlor and folding bedroom of the hird floor Harlem flat, darning the Rubberine hosiery. At the sound of a masculine oice from the floor above she stopped blying the needle, raised her eyes to the ciling, and cocked her head one side. "There goes that Gitapp man, starting

n with his regular getting-out-of-bed orenoon grouch," mused Mrs. Rubberino. Now, I s'pose he'll keep up his jawing entil he gets his clothes on and eats his "It's queer how that Gitapp man can

stay in bed till 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, 'deed it is. I wonder what he really does for a living. Mrs. Gitapp, tries to tell me that he's

broker down on Wall Street, but he looks lot more like a cheap actor or some kind of a horsey man than a broker. And the idea of her trying to tell me that he doesn't

"I should think she'd be ashamed to death to tell people such a thing, when everybody hears him stumbling in at all hours. humming horrid ragtime songs, and laughing and clomping around just as if idea of a woman trying to cover up her husband's drunkenness! I'd just like to see myself doing anything like that for

"And just listen to that Gitapp man rumbling and growling around now! Does anybody s'pose that he'd carry on that way every morning when he gets out of bed if he didn't have that morning-after feeling and the big head that goes with it?

Mrs. Gitapp thinks that when he goes out before breakfast he only goes to get a paper, but I've seen him several times dodging into that saloon on the corner, and, of course, he drinks three or four cocktails for an appetizer for breakfasthe has to, the sodden thing. I dare say, before he eats anything! If Mrs. Gitapp isn't

"Humph! He certainly is raising Cain with her this morning," Mrs Rubberino went on musing, as she tiptoed out to the kitchen and opened the door of her dumbwaiter shaft softly in order to listen to the sounds coming from above. "He's growling at her now for not having been home when he got home for dinner last evening, and I don't bame the man!

"Of all the gadders I ever saw, that Mrs. Gitapp is the worst! Why, she no sooner gets the man out of the flat after his break fast than she just turns handsprings to get her clothes and her makeup on, and then the Rubberine downtown at luncheon be's out and down town and goodness to morrow and help tam to pick out a ready— get yer hair cut."

There is is."
I dinn want it, and chap." returned the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye can keep it and to morrow and help tam to pick out a ready— get yer hair cut."

knows where all! She's never home for lunch, and she just manages to traipse in a minute or so before he gets home for dinner-can't I hear her just more than throwing off her street clothes and getting into a house jacket, so's to make him believe that she's been home all day? "Uh-huh! Just listen to that! So it's the

money that he gave her to pay the meat and grocery bill with that paid for that new pongee coat she's got! I thought so! "Well, did you ever! No wonder the tradesmen are always hinting around about the Gitapps! Uh-huh! He's insisting that

she take the pongee coat back and get the

money, and pay those bills! Wonder if she'll do it? Of course I wouldn't do it if I were she, but I just hope he sticks it out and makes her, and then I'll certainly make Rubbering let me have the money for a pongee coat to-morrow, and flash it on her, and she'll have taken hers back by that time, I do hope! Then she'll try to tell me that she took the coat back because she found she didn't care for it. but, of course, I can ask her pointedly if

then that I know all about it! "My, but she gave him a shot that time! told him that if he'd quit playing the horses and poker and such like she wouldn't have to take meat and grocery money to buy rags with! Now she's getting warmed up and spunky and talking back, and, dear me. I'm so afraid that he won't be able to make her take back that pongee coat! I don't know whether I'd care to have one

Mr. Gitapp liked it, and I'll bet she'll know

Unless she had to take hers back. "Pity sakes alive, listen to that! She's could hardly stand on his feet. The noticed that he's not wearing that big flashy diamond ring that he usually has on, and she's asking him where it is, and he's telling her it's none of her business, and she says he has pawned it to play the horses with, and he ain't saying a word-well. well, well!

"Good for her! Uh-huh, but he got back at her that time. Told her she never saw a diamond in her life until she became engaged to him, and I wouldn't be a bit s'prised if he was right, at that.

She always looked to me like a woman not used to much. I know that when the Gitapps were down here to dinner, and we had fish, Mrs. Gitapp just couldn't seem to make out what the bone dishes were for, and she blushed just furiously when I told her-I had to tell her, of course-that they were to put the fish bones in.

"Well, if that doesn't sound mean in herthrowing it up to the man that he paid \$70 for a suit of clothes, when every blessed thing that she wears-outside, I meanshe gets made by one of the most extortionate dressmakers in New York. Such selfishness! I'd like to see Rubberino pay \$70 for a suit of clothes, at that.

"It's sinful for men to pay such prices for clothes, when it's perfectly possible nowadays for a man that's got any kind of shape at all to get the nicest kind of a readymade suit for \$15. That reminds me that I must

made suit, and he can take me to Giuseppe's for luncheon-they do have such lovely luncheons at Giuseppe's for only \$2!

"I do wish they wouldn't cook fried cabbage up there for breakfast-smelling up the whole place! It's wonder they wouldn't have something fit to eat for breakfast

"But these people that are all for show never have anything worth eating on their table-didn't I see one of the awfulest looking chuck steaks-yes, chuck steak just think of it!-going up on the dumbwaiter to the Gitapps only day before yesterday! I suspected that it might be chuck steak or something like that, so I just opened the paper a leetle bit and took a peek as it went up, and there it was, chuck steak as big and as natural as life! I thought I

"Hum, now Gitapp's got his clothes on, and he's gone out 'to get a paper.' It's all over for the morning for he'll come back for breakfast all lit up as usual and cheerful, and she saying that he never drinks. The very idea!

Then Mrs. Rubberino softly closed the dumbwaiter door, and resumed her hosiery darning.

An hour or so later there was a ring a the hall door of the flat and Mrs. Rubberino went to the door. The caller was Mrs Gitapp. "Why, you dear, mean old thing, you,

Clara Gitapp!" exclaimed Mrs. Rubberino, taking Mrs. Gitapp in her arms. "It's a wonder you didn't pass by, as usual! "You just know I've been up to your flat a hundred times to your once down

here! My husband was wondering only last night why you and Mr. Gitapp never came down. "My, but you're looking rosy! I heard you laughing and jesting with Mr. Gitapp

this morning-my, but you're a couple to be envied to be sure! "Do take off your things and stay a while my dear. Isn't that pongee coat a perfect love! I declare it makes me perfectly green with envy! My, but what a lucky girl you are to have a husband that gives you everything in this wide world that you ask for!"

Prof. Blackle and the Bootblack.

From Tit-Bits. Prof. Blackie used to form a very picuresque feature in the Edinburgh streets. He was a cheery old patriarch, with handsome features and hair falling in ringlets bout his shoulders. No one who had seen him could possibly forget him. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack with his "Shine your boots,

Blackie was impressed by the filthiness of f the boy's face. "I don't want a shine, my lad," said he,
"But if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you sixpence.

he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hands for the money. "Well, my lad," said the professor, "you

THE WIT OF WILL M'CONNELL.

SAMPLES OF THE SAVINGS THAT MADE HIM FAMOUS. Jokes Inspired by Actors and Their Ways His Triat of Vaudeville—Temperance

After Drinking Up Three Theaters -His Country House Near the Water. The late Will McConnell was the greatest theatrical joker of his time. Many of the

witty things he said reached a wlder public than he ever intended them for. Actors who heard them found that they arried well in the theater and repeated them to audiences who never knew their origin. After a while McConnell grew more businesslike with his art and supplied okes to several Casino pieces, for which he

rew a regular share of the authors' royal-

ies. His part in the authorship of these pieces was never made public, however. McConnell never failed to say the witty hought that occurred to him even when it might not please people with whom it was good policy for him to be on good terms. He certainly had cause to be grateful to 'harles Frohman and doubtless was. But he did not hesitate to make one of his characteristic jokes about the stock company

tion was Mr. Frohman's favorite and not especially profitable enterprise. New York had then little taste for stock companies in the Broadway playhouses. But Mr. Frohman wanted his home theater to be occupied by his own company.

of the Empire Theater when that organiza-

He engaged the most expensive actors available and sought everywhere for plays. He found it more profitable, nevertheless, all right, but I could not stand the sudden to keep his company playing in Chicago, changes in the climate." Buffalo and other cities where a New York name was a magnet. "Why does Frohman call those actors the

Empire Stock Company?" asked an actor one day in a group at Browne's. "They are rarely at the Empire Theater." "Ah; that may be true," McConnell re plied, "but they play the greater part of

every season along the route of the Empire State Express.' It was McConnell who gave this same chop house the name by which it is known

among actors; particularly those that be-

"Let's go to the Café des Exiles;" he said one night, "and try supper there." The rest of the party supposed he referred to some new French resort and were surprised to wind up at Browne's.

"Why, this is the same old joint," one of them said. "What did you call it?" "Café des Exiles," he said, "because every actor here doesn't dare to go over to the Lambs as he's posted for dues or house charges. They're all exiled to this place until they pay up."

Since that night the members of the Lambs have known the chophouse by no

spired McConnell to one of his jokes that has survived in the memory of the members. He was walking down Broadway one afternoon, looking rather disconsolate. It was late in August, when the actors were looking for the winter engagements that

had begun to look elusive. "Come down to the Players to dinner with me," said a friend who met him. "You look as if you'd had a hard day's work." "I have," the manager answered. "I have been working all day with actors; and I want to get away from them. a great suggestion of yours-the Players

where you're sure to meet no actors.' To those who know how small the proportion of actors in the club is the joke had particular point.

That's got to be the one club in New York

Augustus Thomas wrote a part for McConnell in the short lived "Champagne Charley." He had not been on the stage for years, and it was thought that his characteristic humor might be amusing in the

That assumption proved incorrect, and McConnell retired from the show before its crush. Then a vaudeville sketch called 'The Editor" was written for him; and he tried that for two weeks.

"Vaudeville's all right, I suppose," he said afterward; "but it didn't agree with "What was wrong?" asked one of his

friends "Well, I began in Chicago in a roof garden on top of a sixteen story skyscraper. The next week I went to St. Louis and played Uhrig's Cave. Could you beat anything like that? As I said, I think vaudeville is

Augustus Thomas was said to have prepared the sketch McConnell used, and it was once suggested that it might possibly have been due to weakness of the vehicle that his attempt in vaudeville failed.

"I don't believe that," he said, "for Gus Thomas put into it all the Lambs Club jokes he could remember. He's been able to write several successful plays in just that way and he ought to have enough left over for a twenty minute sketch.

One summer he lived at Larchmont and invited a guest to stay all night with him. "Got a little box up there," he said, "about stone's throw from the water."

When they arrived at the house the water was nowhere visible. "I thought this place was a stone's throw

from the water," remarked his friend. "The landlord told me that when I saw him in New York and I suppose it's true. When I asked him to explain what he meant he said the stone was a pebble and that Sandow had thrown it."

He could never be made to take his work seriously, although he was energetic enough. sook came from that place."

It was another club for actors that in- He became manager for Amelia Bingham several years ago; and that relation was the source of many characteristic jokes. His friends learned of his change in business by means of his business card, which read:

WILL A. MCCONNELL

Miss Bingham did continue to pay his salary for some time, although the disagreements between them were frequent and amusing.

Charles Frohman once took McConnell abroad with him because his humor was so spontaneous and unflagging; and there was always a demand for his society even among those who knew him best and saw him most frequently.

For the last fifteen years of his life he was a strict teetotaler. In his early days a too excessive geniality interfered with his prosperity. In this way he successively lost control of three theaters he had partly owned.

"I should think you would find it hard not to drink, thrown with the people you meet, one of his friends said to him one day. "It's no trouble at all to stop drinking." he said, "after you've drunk up three theaters."

HIS DEBT TO CANADA.

Mr. Capron Expressed His Gratitude Without Specifying. The members of a naval committee of the

House of Representatives not so many years ago had a little cruise in the waters of the northern Atlantic. At St. John's a stop was made; and there the men from Washington received much attention from the Canadians. At a dinner one evening the Americans vied with the Canadians in expressions of friendship and comity. Among the speakers was Congressman Capron of Rhode Island, and it was generally agr ed that he made the hit of the "Gentlemen," observed Mr. Capron, "it is

indeed difficult for me to say anything that at all approaches the cleverness of the speakers preceding me, but I am in deep sympathy with all efforts to strengthen the ties of friendship between our two countries. Personally, I rest under a sense of deep gratitude toward Canadians, especially those of the islands. Many years ago there came to my home a girl from Prince Edward Island, and she has ever since remained there to brighten it."

This bit of sentiment from Mr. Capron was greeted by vociferous applause. Clearly the Rhode Islander had surpassed all the others. After the dinner one of Capron's colleagues, well acquainted with him and his family, said:

"Your speech surprised me. I didn't know that your wife was from Prince Edward Island." "Nor is she," replied Capron:

RUBBER PLANTS EYERYWHERE

THEY HENOT A HABIT PECULIAR TO BROOKLYN!

About:25:000:of Them Sold in Manhate tan Yearly-Their Popularity Covers Country-Qualities That Endear the Rubber Plant to Its Owner, "No." said the florist, "the subber plant

s not a thing peculiar to Brooklyn. "Years ago some wag, for a joke, said that Brooklyn was the home of babies and rubber plants, and the joke has stuck ever since, until now the rubber plant has come to be regarded as a sort of emblem of Brooklyn life. But as a matter of fact there are as many rubber plants sold per

capita in Manhattan and The Bronx as there are in Brooklyn. "The rubber plant is now sold by department stores as well as by florists, and it is popular everywhere and in great d. I suppose there are now sold in the Manhattan market 25,000 rubber plants annually, with the sales increasing; and rubber plants are not sold here alone, but everywhere throughout the country, from

New York to San Francisco. "This great popularity of the rubber plant has come about largely within the last twenty-five years. It is an exotic, which is one thing that commends it, and then I think its name has helped it in the popular fancy greatly.

"And then it is a big and showy and striking plant, and it commends itself to many who might not be equally attracted to, say, palms or ferns. And it is a plant comparatively easy to care for and to raise by any one interested, and it is of comparatively quick growth; it rewards its owner. "The rubber plant is grown from slips

or cuttings I don't know of any florist

who devotes himself exclusively to the rubber plant, but it is grown by many florists among those who give their at tention more especially to decorative and ornamental rather than to flowering plants "The rubber plant, as it is commonly seen might be thought by many to be a shrub but really it is a true tree. Rubber plants have been raised here under glass to treeof twenty-five feet in height I suppositely could be raised to thirty or forty from

approximating the height to which they
would grow in their native soil.
"The home of the rubber plant tree is in
the East Indies. It is of the same family
as the rubber tree of South America from which the rubber gum of commerce is of tained, though of a different species. But if an incision be made in the stalk of a rub-ber plant there will exude from it a milky white gum having the same characteristics as the gum of the tree from which rub

made.
"Fall is the great season for the rubber in these latitudes plant trade, when people in these latitudes are housing their plants for the winter, and so now we are selling many rubber plants. And the demand for them, I assure you, does not come from Brooklyn alone, but from all over; people everywhere buy rub-ber plants."

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